NO. 3

NEAR MINT

A FANZINE FOR STUDENTS FANS PROS COMIC BOOKS OLD MOVIES ART

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW TO DRAW BOGIE !

$3

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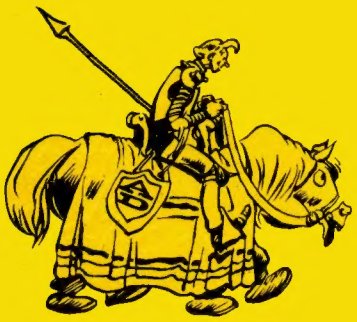

AN AL DELLINGES PUBLICATION

NEAR MINT is a new magazine devoted to thoes who love good art, good old movies and good comic related stories, where ever thay may be found. I grew up with comics and great films, most of which were produced in the late thirties and forties. In searching for material for this book, I've come accross tons of gret features and articles that have been hidden too long. Our purpose is to share this entertainment with our readers and they can help by sharing thier long lost art related stories with us. If there's a memory of sorts, that brings a snicker or chuckle to the jaw line, send it along. If you send art work, please do not send originals, prints and good Xerox copies work just fine for reproductive purposes.

FEATURES THIS ISSUE

Al Capp by Li'l Abner
Sheena, before and after
Disney's Reluctant Dragon
How to draw Bogie
Horror Movie Ads
How to draw the big cats
Jack Davis
Rap with Ray, a new feature by Ray Funk.

FEATURES NEXT ISSUE

Hal Foster
Rap with Ray, a new feature by Ray Funk.
Mort Walker/Beetle Baily
Heinrich Kley
Jack Burnley on Starman
Hawkman by Kubert
and much more

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PROFILE

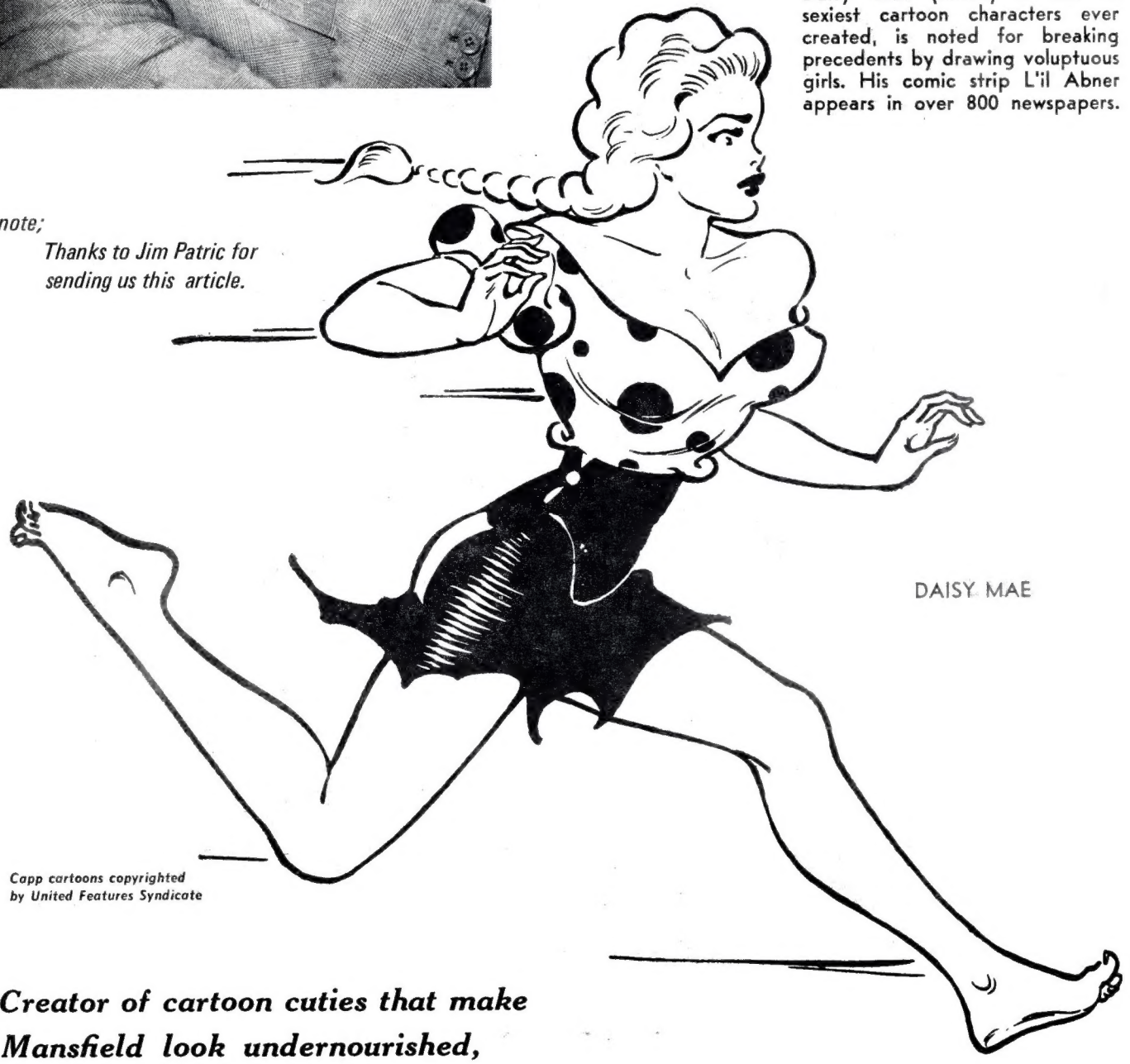
OF A CHARACTER

AL CAPP

RENOWNED ARTIST (left), whose Daisy Mae (below) is one of sexiest cartoon characters ever created, is noted for breaking precedents by drawing voluptuous girls. His comic strip L'il Abner appears in over 800 newspapers.

Editor's note;

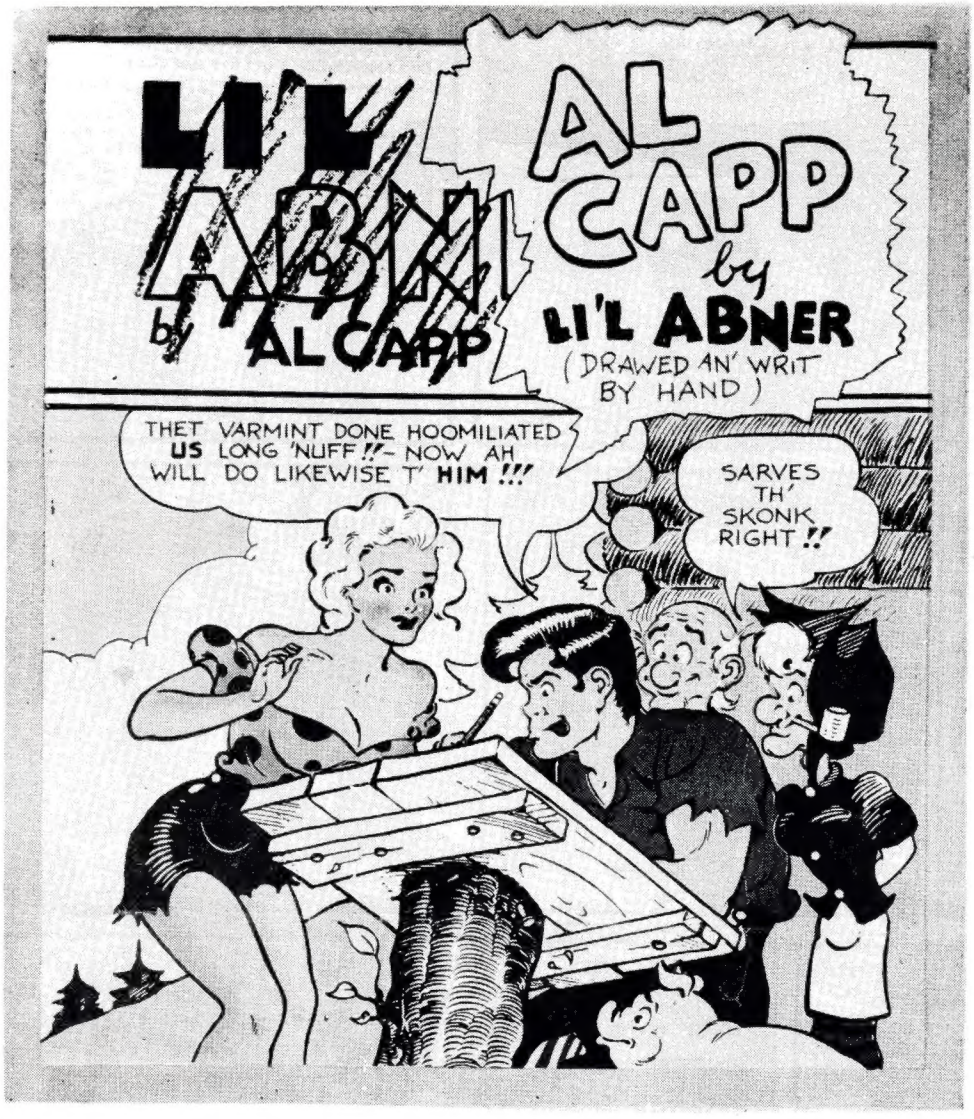
Thanks to Jim Patric for sending us this article.



DAISY MAE

Capp cartoons copyrighted by United Features Syndicate

Creator of cartoon cuties that make Mansfield look undernourished,


LIL ABNER
by AL CAPP
AL CAPP
by
LI'L ABNER
(DRAWED AN' WRIT BY HAND)
THET VARMINT DONE HOOMILIATED US LONG 'NUFF!!- NOW AH WILL DO LIKEWISE T' HIM !!!
SARVES TH' SKONK RIGHT!!

AL CAPP

The cartoons on this and following pages narrate in condensed form the life of Al Capp, as drawn by Capp. They are taken from a booklet which Capp drew for the benefit of war veteran amputees in 1946. The cover (left) shows Capp's characters, Li'l Abner, Daisy Mae, Mammy and Pappy and Salomey, after emerging from the ink bottle (above) preparing to lay bare their creator's history.

Capp, who lost his left leg in a New Haven streetcar accident as a boy of 12, has spent a great deal of time during and since the war visiting Army hospitals and talking to amputees. He understood the amputees' feelings of humiliation and their resentment of the pitying attitude of friends and relatives. Because the amputees' greatest worry is how girls feel about going out with a one-legged or one-armed man, Capp made his own successful courtship his central theme.

MISTAH CAPP WAS BAWN IN NOO HAVEN, CORN-ETTY-KUT IN 1909. PUT THET DOWN, SON!!
YAS'M-THET MAKES HIM 26 OR 46 Y'ARS OF AGE- CAIN'T FIGGER OUT WHICH.
EITHER WAY -HE'S AWFUL OLD BY NOW!
MISTAH CAPP -AGE ONE YAR-
A B C
NOW THET HE IS GROWED UP HE CLAMES TO OF BIN A CHAMPEEN KID ATHLEET. THE BROOTAL FACKS IS, HE WARN'T NO BETTER'N THE AVERAGE.
PLOP
YAK!!-YAK!!-IT'S AT LEAST A HOME RUN!!
THIS IS JUST PRACTISE!!-NEXT SUMMER VACATION WE'LL TAKE THAT BIG TRIP!!-DEEP INTO THE SOUTH, HUH, AL?
RIGHT!!
THE DEEP SOUTH!!-DON'T KNOW WHY-BUT, I'VE ALWAYS HAD A TERRIFIC YEN T' SEE IT —
LOOK OUT!!!
WONDER IF FOLKS THERE ARE DIFFERENT THAN WE ARE IN CONNECTICUT? WONDER IF —
CLANG!!
CLANG

(CCN)

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HOSPITAL
WE WILL HAVE TO AMPUTATE THE LEFT LEG WELL ABOVE THE KNEE.
A COUPLE OF MONTHS LATER. MISTAH CAPP WUZ HONORUBLY DISCHARGED FUM TH' HORSEPITTLE-
COUSIN "HAPPY" IS WAITING AT HOME FOR YOU, SON.
THINK NOTHING OF IT, KID!! THOSE NEW ARTIFICIAL LEGS ARE MIRACULOUS!!!—IN A COUPLE O' WEEKS YOU'LL BE HOPPIN' AN' SKIPPIN' AROUND LIKE A KANGAROO!!— NOTHIN' TO IT, KID—NOTHIN' AT ALL!!!
("HE'S MAKING THE BOY HAPPY—BUT I WONDER IF IT'LL ALL BE AS QUICK AND EASY AS THAT!!")
HOPPIN' AN' SKIPPIN' AROUND—IN A COUPLE O' WEEKS—GOSH!!
OUCH!!!
THE DARN THING ISN'T ANY GOOD AT ALL!!!— I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO USE IT!!!
SON—IF YOU HOPPED INTO AN AUTOMOBILE WITHOUT LEARNING HOW TO DRIVE IT—YOU'D CRASH, TOO!!!
KURBIN' HIS IMPAY-SHUNCE, MISTAH CAPP FOLLYED THE DOCTERS APPVICE WIF TH' TOLLYIN' RESULTS—
MADE IT!! WITHOUT A CRUTCH OR CANE—AND WITHOUT A SINGLE BIT O' TROUBLE!!
YOU DON'T NEED ANYONE AT YOUR SIDE NOW, SON—YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE!!
THERE ISN'T ANY-WHERE I WANT TO GO. GUESS I'LL JUST—STAY HOME—
BUT—WHY? YOU ALWAYS LOVED GOING PLACES—
IT'S—WELL—IT'S JUST THAT I'M SELF-CONSCIOUS NOW!!—PEOPLE NOTICE MY LIMP!!—THEY LOOK AT ME—I'M SURE THEY FEEL SORRY FOR ME—AND I HATE IT!!!—
AND OF COURSE PEOPLE NOTICE IT!!—BUT ONCE THEY DO—THEY ACCEPT IT—AND FORGET IT!! —AND THAT SON—IS WHAT YOU MUST DO—ACCEPT IT—AND FORGET IT!! AND IF YOU AREN'T CONSCIOUS OF BEING DIFFERENT—NO ONE ELSE WILL BE!!!
("THIS'LL BE MY FIRST TIME WITH THE OLD GANG SINCE IT HAPPENED!!")
Drink BERRY-CRASH
("—GEE, WHIZ!!—AFTER TH' FIRST COUPLA MINUTES O' DISCUSSIN' MY ACCIDENT—THEY ALL WENT ON TO OTHER SUBJECTS!!—IT'S JUST LIKE IT ALWAYS WAS—NO DIFFERENT!!!—THE ONLY ONE WHO'S CONSCIOUS OF ANY DIFFERENCE IS ME!!—AND IF I FORGET IT—THAT'LL MAKE IT UNANIMOUS!!!—")

AN SO, MISTAH CAPP DONE EXACKLY WHUT HE ALLUS WANTED T' DO - EXCEPT HE HAD T' DO IT A LIL DIFF'RUNT. ONE DAY - DEEP IN TH' HILLZ HE SEEN A PINE FIGGER OF A BOY WIF FLAZHIN' EYES AH' A EXTREMELY INTELLY-JUNT EX-PRESHUN-
SO LONG, FELLAS - THET WERE MAH LAST RIDE O' TH' SEASON, NOW AH REMOVES TH' WHEELS - ATTACHES A FEW PIPES AN' A VAT T' TH RADDY-ATOR - AN' CONVERTS IT INTO A FUST CLASS STILL!
?
FELLA - WHICH IS THE BEST RESTAURANT HERE?
WAL - THAR HAIN'T MUCH DIFF'RUNCE. ONE'S 'BOUT TH' SAME AS T' OTHER. JEST SASHAY OVER T' TH' NEAREST LIL BUILDIN', PEEK IN, AN' EF NOBUDDY'S THAR - GO TO IT!!
WE DON'T MEAN A REST ROOM - WE MEAN A RESTAURANT - A PLACE TO EAT!!
OH! - NOW AH UNNERSTAN'S! A 'RESTAURANT' IS EXACKLY TH' OPPOSITE OF A REST ROOM!
YOU COULDN'T BE RIGHTER!
?-?-YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE US TO THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN TO EAT - BUT THIS IS A HOME!!
NATCHERLY!! - IT'S MAH HOME, AN' IT SHORE IS TH' BEST PLACE IN TOWN T' EAT. MEET UP WIF MAH MAMMY AN' SALOMEY AN' LIKEWISE PAPPY -
NOW THET YO' HAS LAPPED UP YOUR PO'K CHOP SOUP, AN' TANGLED WIF TH' APPY-TIZER - STUFFED PO'K CHOPS - HYAR'S TH' MAIN COURSE - FRIED PO'K CHOPS!!
YUM-M-M!! WHAT'S FOR DESSERT?
CANDIED PO'K CHOPS!! NICEST THING 'BOUT MAMMY'S COOKIN' IS THAR'S PLENTY O' VARIETY!!
BACK HOME - THE VACATION OVER
THERE'S BEEN A GREAT CHANGE IN AL SINCE HIS ACCIDENT - HE'S REALLY BUCKLED DOWN TO STUDYING ART.
IT'S NATURE'S LAW OF COMPENSATION. THE LOSS OF SOME OF HIS PHYSICAL ACTIVITY HAS RESULTED IN INCREASING HIS MENTAL ACTIVITY!! IT NEVER FAILS!!
IF THIS DEPRESSION GETS ANY WORSE THEY'LL LAY OFF THEIR NIGHT HELP AT TH' DRUG STORE - AND THEN HOW'LL I PAY MY ROOM RENT AND TUITION HERE IN BOSTON? - OH, WELL - I CAN ALWAYS PEEL OFF MY CLOTHES AN' MODEL AS A STARVING ARTIST!!
MY BEST - AND ONLY PAIR O' PANTS - AIR-CONDITIONED!
NO YOU WON'T!! - YOU CAN WEAR MY SMOCK!! - I DON'T NEED IT QUITE AS BADLY AS YOU DO!!
THANKS, ER - YOU'RE CATHERINE CAMERON, AREN'T YOU? -
UHUH!! - AND, AFTER CLASS - I'D BETTER SEW UP THOSE PANTS OF YOURS - IT'S A BIT LATE IN THE SEASON FOR A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE!!
NATCHERLY THAR IS NUTHIN' MORE ROMANTICAL THAN TH' SITE OF A PURTY GAL TENDURLY A-SEWIN' A PATCH IN TH' REER END OF A YOUNG GENNUL-MAN'S ONLY PAIR OF PANTS!!
SIGH!!

AL CAPP CONTINUED

GULP!!
HI, CATHIE!! SEE YOU TONIGHT!!
HOME FOR THE WEEKEND
THESE LITTLE SKETCHES OF THIS PRETTY GIRL—ANYONE YOU KNOW—
SHE'S A GIRL AT SCHOOL MA—!! (SIGH!!) I WONDER WHAT SHE'S DOING TONIGHT?
WHY SIT THERE AND WONDER. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER OUT?
WAL—AFTER A COUPLA Y'ARS STUDYIN' HOW T' DRAWR, MISTAH CAPP WHOMPED UP SOME SAMPLE CARTOONE, AN'—
I'M GOING TO TRY TO LAND A JOB IN NEW YORK, CATHERINE—I KNOW HOW TOUGH IT IS—SO IT MAY BE A LONG TIME BEFORE I GET ONE—IF EVER—
IT'S BEEN NICE OF YOU TO SPEND SO MUCH TIME WITH ME, AND NOW—YOU CAN HAVE SOME REAL GOOD TIMES WITH REGULAR FELLAS—I MEAN FELLAS WHO ARE ABLE TO—ER—I MEAN FELLAS WHO HAVEN'T LOST—ER—
YOU DOPE!!—IT'S NEVER MADE ANY DIFFERENCE TO ME WHETHER YOU WORE A CHECKED SUIT—OR A PURPLE NECKTIE—OR AN ARTIFICIAL LEG!!—A GIRL LOVES A FELLOW—FOR HIMSELF!!
Y-YOU MEAN, YOU'D—
JUST ASK ME!!!
BY WITHDRAWRIN' ALL HIS OWN SAVIN'S AN' FLOATIN' LOVES WIF SEVRUL WEALTHY ARTIST FRIENDS, MISTAH CAPP DONE RAISED 'NUFF FER A TWO-DOLLAH WEDDIN'! THE NEXT DAY HE LEFT ON HIS HONEYMOON—
TRUCK—TO NOO YAWK—
THESE ARE GREAT!!—WOULD YOU CONSIDER $1,000.00 A WEEK?
MAKE IT $2,000.00.
BUT REALISTTY WAS BRUTALLY DIFFRUNT FUH HIS DREEMS HE TRIED GITTIN' A JOB WIF EVRY MOOSE-PAPUH IN NOO YAWK, AN' ALSO TRIED OTHER FIELDS.
BUDDY, DO YOU NEED AN ASSISTANT?
NO, THANKS, I CAN STARVE ALONE!
SOAP
HE KEPP RACKIN' HIS BRAINE FO' NOO IDEES, THEN—ONE NIGHT—HE REMEMBERED—
HM-M-M-WHY NOT?
EASTERN UNION
MRS. AL CAPP AMESBURY, MASS.
HAVE JOB STARTING AT FIFTY A WEEK, HOORAY. COME NEW YORK SOON AS POSSIBLE. LOVE, AL
INNERGENT LIL CHILE, JULIE, AH CAHTOON HELPIN' WIF TH' DEE-TALES, COMMENCED HIS CARREER—
BAW!! YAWP!! YOWL!!
"—AN THET WERE 12 YARS AGO!! TH' POINT OF IT ALL IS—THET MISTAH CAPP HAINT NO BETTER'N NOBODY ELSE, NOR NO DIFF'RENT 'ONE' LAIG MORE OR LESS DIDN'T CHANGE HIM OR HIS LIFE, JEST LIKE IT DON'T HAFTA CHANGE NOBODY ELSE'S"—
DRAP IT SON!! HYAR COME THET SKONK-CAPP!!—FOLLY ME, BETTER HALF!!
RIGHT!! SOME DAY, YO', AN' ME WILL HAFTA GIT T'GETHER AGIN!!
INK

1946—UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

CONTI

By Morton Cooper

LESS THAN TWO DECADES AGO, the American comic strip was an antiseptic business which would have closed up shop before permitting girls to look like girls. The concentration stayed strictly on the bam-pow-zowie level, and if it has crossed your mind that Tess Trueheart ever gave anything other than home cooking to Dick Tracy in the 81 years of their courtship, you are absolutely out of order. Sex was not within the funny paper's province, unless you agree with author Peter DeVries that Mutt and Jeff were unconscious homosexuals.

In some areas, the comic strips have not remained stagnant. Many of the famous characters, who used to bam-pow-zowie their way through four panels a day and 16 on Sunday, and never worried about anything more serious than surviving plane crashes and bullets through the heart, have become socially conscious, for one thing. Little Orphan Annie, who should be entering her menopause any time now although she has been wearing the same child's dress for more than 25 years, knocks off at least a half lozen Communists a week. Smilin' Jack does too, and in the bargain, tells the world what's wrong with the 'United States' missile program. By the time you read this, Dagwood will probably have left Blondie to go to work in the State Department.

In its really satirical form, the theme of sex has never reared its indelicate head in comics except for a fantastically successful project called Li'l Abner, drawn and written by a powerhouse of a witty character named Al Capp. Capp, a bushy-haired extrovert of 48, devoted the major part of his early years to not conforming, and his general happy rebellion has paid off: Li'l Abner is published in more than 800 newspapers and pays him almost 500,000 shmoos a year.

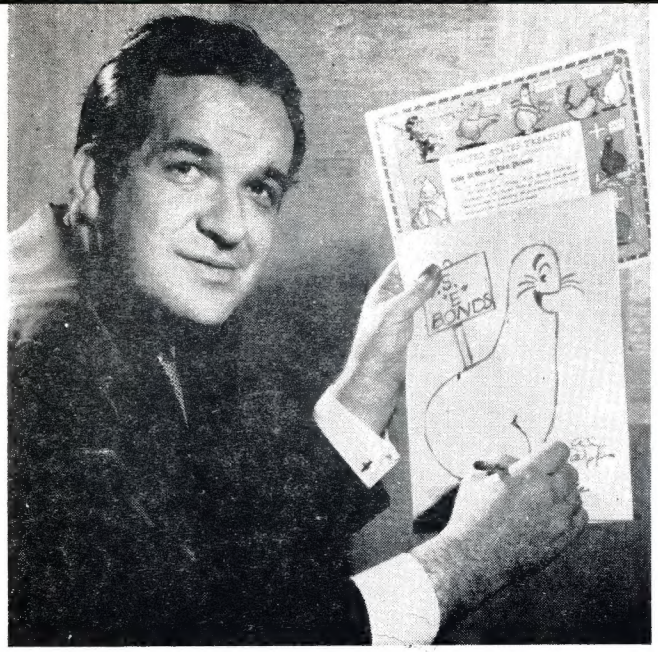
At first, it is a little hard to understand Abner's incredible success (the very name *Li'l Abner* has also helped to sell breakfast cereal, jewelry, lingerie, toys, a hit Broadway show, and a number of other commercial products), especially when you recall that he breaks almost every rule of good comic strip decorum.

Although Abner himself remains a constant 19 years old, and a blissfully innocent 19 at that, nearly all his

LOOKING OVER shoulder of cartoonist Al Capp, comedian Bob Hope registers mild amusement at caricature artist drew of him.

MOONBEAM McSWINE

FAMILY PORTRAIT of Capp family includes Mrs. Capp; Al; son Kim, 9; and daughter, 19. Wife posed for Moonbeam McSwine.



FAMOUS comic character, the schmoo, was turned into super war bond salesman by patriotic cartoonist.

WELL-TRAVELED cartoonist visits with London bobbies.

neighbors in Dogpatch and Skunk Hollow raise hell, rob, cheat, murder, adequately infer that they jump in the hayloft with each other hourly, and absolutely never bathe. Considering that Jiggs' greatest failing is a lust for corned beef and cabbage, and Mary Worth's chief weakness is that she listens at key holes, this is mighty strong stuff, and it is not easy to imagine that a church-going society would pay close to $5 million every 12 months to read about it.

But they do, because of Capp who can yank unexpected rabbits out of unexpected hats with the greatest of ease and has been doing it since 1934, when his backwoods square was first syndicated. Unlike any other cartoonist in memory, swarthy Al Capp attracts readers from every conceivable emotional and intellectual sphere. His work is worshipped by pinheads who want to know if Abner will get killed tomorrow because that two-ton truck fell on his head, and by eggheads who know they are assured of a generous helping of bitter social satire. He gets this wide cross section of readers because he prepares his cartoons for no one and for everyone. Can you imagine the author of Popeye succeeding with a seemingly indifferent stunt like that?

WOLF GAL

Capp has been breaking precedents from the beginning of the strip. Daisy Mae Yokum (*nee* Scragg) and Moonbeam McSwine have the most abundant bosoms this side of Mansfield. Slobberlips McJab and the voluptuous Wolf Gal give exhibitions of pitching woo, Dogpatch style, as taught to them by Adam LaZonga, professional lover. Before Li'l Abner made an honest woman of Daisy Mae, every gorgeous doll with a bust measurement in excess of 34" did her vain best to relieve him of his innocence. Elected officials steal and appointed politicians kill. Law firms such as Slynke and Slyme are thoroughly crooked. Five policemen mercilessly beat up a midget who has mistakenly walked near a "Keep Off The Grass" sign while, only a few feet away, a gangster is kicking hell out of a helpless old lady.

Almost nobody in Dogpatch has a pure thought, does an honest day's work, or is fit to live with Salomey, the pig. *This*, the well-meaning bluenoses might well ask, is the most popular comic strip in the United States and Canada?

Who is this Al Capp, who would appear to stand foresquare behind every antisocial act his characters perform? Who is this artist of super-delicious women ("I've always been a pretty good hip and thigh man," he confides modestly and accurately, "ez enny fool kin plainly see") for whom author John Steinbeck is tirelessly working to swing The Nobel Prize?

It is probably no accident that his offbeat humor and stinging commentaries belong to a man whose childhood was one seige of poverty and

frustration after another. When he was nine, he fell off an ice wagon and into the path of a trolley car, and had his left leg amputated at the thigh. Born into a poor New Haven, Conn. home, he still finds it a little odd that he can go into a restaurant and order anything he likes without reading the price side of the menu.

None of the forming years, until he clicked with the hillbilly strip, were easy, although his skill as an artist did show up early and he managed to make use of it from the start. Still known as Alfred Caplin, he was regarded for a long period in elementary school as the best "pornographer" in town.

The title was awarded him when, quite by accident, the principal of his large public school decided to put 25 of the smart students and 25 of the delinquents together into one class, with the belief that the brilliant kids would be a healthy influence on the degenerates. It was a noble experiment, but it did not exactly come off. By association, the bulk of the well-behaved boys, of whom Al was one, turned into the equivalent of mad, wild cutthroats.

Al neglected to kill anyone during this experiment, but he did succeed in turning a nice dollar—and as his current income indicates, he was never against making money. A boy whom Capp is convinced later turned into a rapist, admired the way he drew pictures (it was a sort of progressive education arrangement, without textbooks, and one of the ways to kill time was to draw), and said, "Jeez, you're a good drawer. I'll give you a quarter for a dirty picture of the teacher."

Not one to pass up an easy quarter, young Caplin complied. The good word got around that Al Caplin was terrific with "doity pitchers." and before long he had an account of 25 steady customers who were only too willing to pay him quarters for his art. Business got so good, in fact, that soon he had to work overtime, and was required to take his extra artistic commissions home with him.

That was when he overstepped his secretive bounds, to the extent that his father, beaming because Alfred poured so busily over his studies, walked behind him quietly to peek over his shoulder. Caplin Senior needed only a quickie sight at his son's "homework" to persuade him that his son's involvement with progressive education was ill-advised. The only moral to this particular episode, incidentally, is that the school principal, who had dreamed up the idea of throwing nice boys and gangsters j.g. together, was later committed to a mental institution.

The accusations that the young New England artist who was to abbreviate his name to Al Capp is still dealing in pornography, holds little if any water. After failing to graduate from high school because he flunked geometry nine times in a row—he insists that it very likely is the world's record—he decided to hitchhike around the country, and did get as far as Tennessee. There he ran across a galaxy of beat-up hillbilly cabins, saw sleepy hillbillies in person, and thought nothing of the fact at that time that soon they would be the springboard for overwhelming success.

Aware that a good artist devotes himself to essentials, Capp seriously studied art in Boston and Philadelphia for four years, and landed a berth in New York where he drew a single panel job called Mr. Gilfeather, a kind of neighborly steal from the then powerfully popular Major Hoople. Capp did not do well, however, partially because he did not like the assignment, and with his full cooperation was released before the first year was up. Broke enough—he was married now to Catherine Cameron, a lovely art student he had met at school and the girl after whom he later was to fashion the robust characterization of Moonbeam McSwine—he tried free lance work and visited the editor of The Boston Post. Conscious of The Post's heavy dignity, he took with him a portfolio of immaculately dignified drawings, but forgot to hide the portfolio's cover, which contained a batch of aimless sketches of hippy and bosomy girls. The editor, Massachusetts-ly-bred, informed him he had a very nice pen line and requested an illustration for an article about a dishonest roulette wheel.

Capp, no jerk, came through with an illustration showing a hippy and bosomy blonde whose skirts tucked up about her because the wind happened to be blowing at the time. The sale was made. He was asked to draw more than a dozen more illustrations, and discovered, as he had done when he had agreed to supply the potential rapist back in the New England school with endless "doity pitchers," that he could apply the same fundamental principles and pay his rent.

He did. No matter whether the articles he was told to illustrate concerned landing Martians, or schoolboys at Hop Scotch, or Beaver Patrols in the process of camping out, Capp succeeded in getting a nearby heavy wind to blow up a nearby skirt. The money began to roll in and the penniless boy was on his way.

Today, having decidedly arrived there, Capp's audience keeps building despite the fact that he still fails to part Abner's hair on the same side in two panels in a row, or that his plots don't always end believably. "I tie up everything that can be explained." he has said. "There's a lot in Abner that I can't explain. Anyone who wants such things explained is an idiot."

No Abner-reading idiot complains for long. Abner may be the stupidest lout to ever have come from under a rock, but he did get Daisy Mae, didn't he? That's Capp's argument, and it's a good one. # # #

AL CAPP article reprinted from Modern Man, October, 1958

SHEENA.....BEFORE AND AFTER ?

SHEENA

SHEENA, beautifully rendered by JIM JONES

TODAY!

SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE
by W. MORGAN THOMAS
SHEENA AND BOB HAVE BEEN LOCKED IN THE CABIN BY THE PILOT WHO CAUGHT THEM IN HIS PLANE. BOB, WHO HAS BEEN SLIGHTLY WOUNDED, HAS A PLAN OF ESCAPE
MEANWHILE, THE PILOT LEAVES THEM TO LOOK FOR SANDY AND HIS HENCHMEN IN THE JUNGLE- AT LAST HE JOINS THEM.....
HI THERE, SANDY! WAIT UP A MINUTE, I HAVE SOME NEWS TO TELL!
HMMM! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS? - HE LOOKS PRETTY EXCITED - WAIT UP A MINUTE BOYS---
I'VE JUST CAPTURED A WHITE MAN AND A GIRL--THEY'RE IN THE GUARDHOUSE--
SOUNDS LIKE THAT SAVAGE GIRL AND THAT GUY REYNOLDS - THEY'VE CERTAINLY CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE -
WHERE DID YOU GET THEM, CARTER? WERE THEY IN CAMP ?
YEAH, I CAUGHT THEM SNOOPING AROUND THE PLANE - I HAD TO SHOOT THE FELLOW--I JUST WINGED HIM THOUGH
PLANNING TO ESCAPE, BOB TRIES A RUSE--THE SENTRY ANSWERS HIS SUMMONS.....
REACHING OUT, BOB MAKES SHORT WORK OF THE SURPRISED GUARD.....
AN INSTANT LATER, BOB FREES SHEENA, AND STEPPING OVER THE INERT GUARD, THEY HEAD TO THE PLANE.....
IF WE CAN GET TO THE PLANE, WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!
FIRST, I'M GOING TO LOOK AROUND THE CAMP FOR PAPERS---
LOOK, BOB! THE MEN, THEY ARE RETURNING
WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST! MAKE FOR THE PLANE RIGHT AWAY!
HURRY, BOB, OR WE'LL GET CAUGHT AGAIN!
JUST AS BOB SETS SHEENA FREE, SANDY AND HIS MEN SEE THE COUPLE MAKE THEIR ESCAPE.. THEY PURSUE THEM..
35

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MORT MESKIN'S SHEENA from JUMBO COMICS No. 7

SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE
by W. MORGAN THOMAS
ESCAPING FROM THE CABIN IN WHICH THEY WERE CONFINED, BOB AND SHEENA START FOR THE PLANE JUST AS SANDY AND HIS MEN APPEAR AT THE CAMP..
LOOK, SANDY, THEY'VE ESCAPED! THERE THEY ARE! QUICK, WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM BEFORE THEY GET AWAY! SPREAD OUT, MEN--- THEY CAN'T GET FAR AWAY IN THIS UNDERGROWTH--------
BOB AND SHEENA FLEE THROUGH THE JUNGLE PURSUED BY A BIG, VICIOUS LOOKING, NATIVE PORTER...
LOOK, SHEENA! ONE OF SANDY'S PORTERS, HE'LL WARN THEM SURE!
SHEENA QUICKLY TURNS, DRAWS HER KNIFE AND THROWS IT DEFTLY...
THEY FINALLY REACH THE RIVER'S EDGE, WHERE THE SUPPLY PLANE FLOATS IN THE MUDDY WATER...
..AND GET TO THE PLANE SAFELY.... BOB IS SEATED AT THE CONTROLS...
I HOPE THIS THING WILL START-- AH--HERE IT GOES! JUST IN TIME TOO--HOLD ON SHEENA, HERE WE GO!
THE PURSUERS REACH THE RIVER JUST AS THE PLANE TAKES TO THE SKY.....
THEY MUST BE HEADIN' FOR DAKAR, TO GET THE COLONIAL POLICE!----- WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF HERE---- QUICKLY!!
YEAH, SANDY, WE'D BETTER SCRAM! IF THE COPS FIND THE FAKE CLAIM ON US----
LISTEN, CHUMP, THAT LAND IS OURS AND WE'LL FIGHT FOR IT!--- SO GET READY
SANDY'S MEN MAKE PREPARATIONS TO FIGHT FOR THE VALUABLE OIL LANDS...
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MORT MESKIN'S SHEENA from JUMBO COMICS No. 7

BOB POWELL followed MORT MESKIN'S work on SHEENA with a very stylized modernistic approach to the jungle girl.

PAGE 7

SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE
by
W. MORGAN THOMAS
BORED WITH THE ROUTINE OF VILLAGE LIFE, SHEENA AND BOB GO ON AN EXTENDED EXPLORATION TRIP INTO THE TERRITORY BEYOND THE GRANDANGA MOUNTAIN RANGE, AN AREA NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY A WHITE MAN
BREAKING THROUGH THE HEAVY JUNGLE, THEY CLIMB THE LOFTY MOUNTAINS...
THERE IT IS!
JUST THINK, BOB, WE ARE THE FIRST WHITE PEOPLE TO SET FOOT IN THIS COUNTRY!
I WONDER IF WE'LL FIND ANYTHING NEW? LETS HEAD FOR THE VOLCANO!
WITH AN EASY, SWINGING GAIT, THE COUPLE WALK TOWARDS THE SECOND MOUNTAIN RANGE, COMING OUT ON A LOFTY CLIFF AT NIGHTFALL.

Copyright 1940 by Fiction House Magazines

BOB POWELL'S redition of the jungle queen lasted for quite a few issues of Jumbo Comics, untill she finally got her own mag. one of the covers shown here done by DAN ZOLNE.

SHEENA COMICS cover illustration by Dan Zolne

THE BOOK OF

JUMBO COMICS COVERS

BOOK NUMBER 1 CONTAINS COVER ISSUES #1 thru #81 $3.50

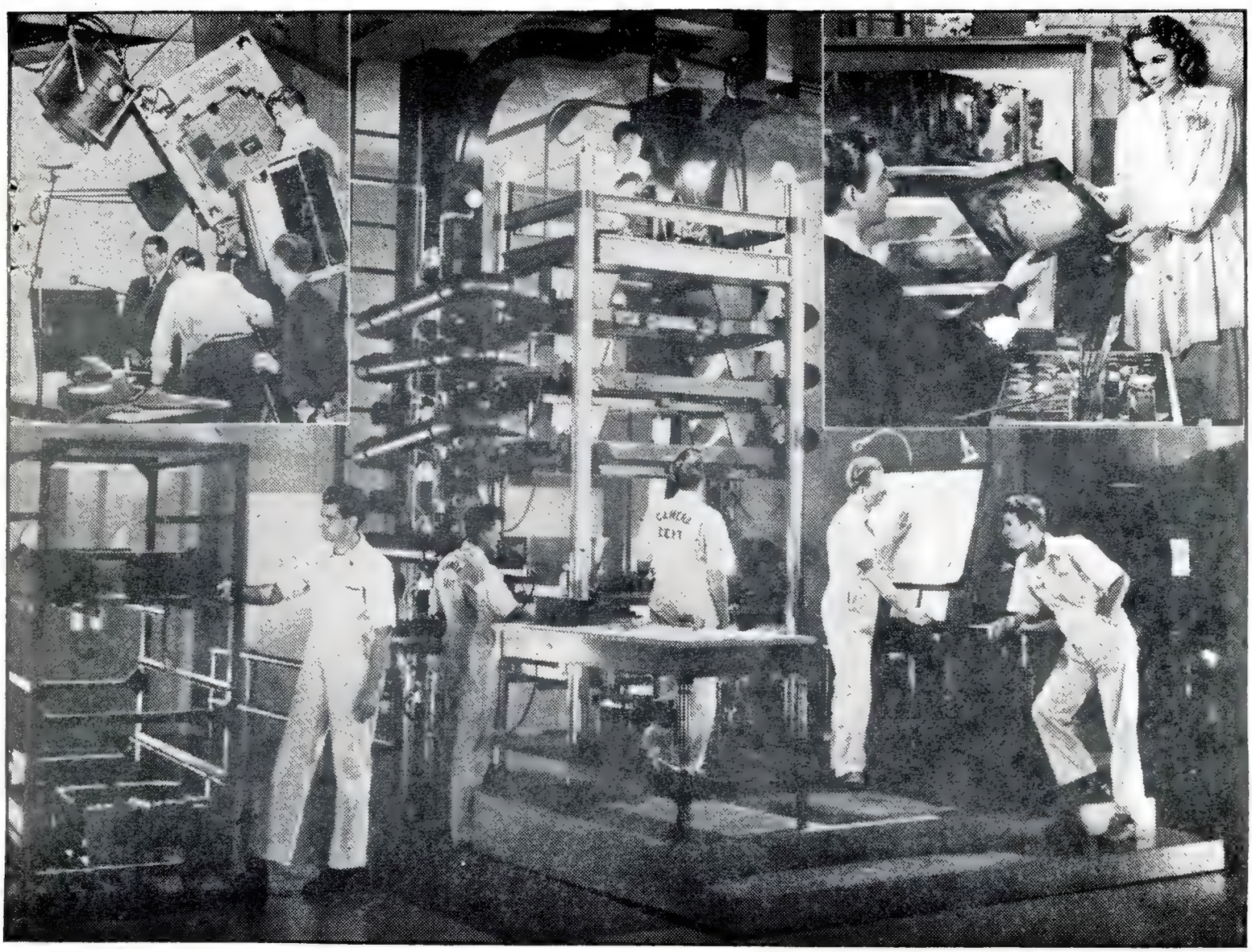
Bob Powell art copy/ Bill Black

In the fifties, POWELL came up with another jungle queen of sorts, CAVE GIRL, shown here, redrawn beautifully by Bill Black.

Bill Black is editor/publisher of PARAGON PUBLICATIONS, 1515 Bowman Drive, Tallahassee, Florida 32303

FROM THE MIRACLE MAN OF THE MOVIES – HIS MOST AMAZING LAUGH SHOW!
Walt Disney's
AMAZING, NEW FULL-LENGTH FEATURE PRODUCTION
THE RELUCTANT DRAGON
with ROBERT BENCHLEY
A NEW WORLD OF WALT DISNEY WONDERS!
Walt Disney's
THE RELUCTANT DRAGON
with ROBERT BENCHLEY
Sequences in MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR
Distributed by RKO RADIO Pictures, Inc.
©W.D.P.
THE SHOW EVENT OF THE YEAR! A NEW Disney FEATURE PRODUCTION
©WDP
Sequences in MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR
Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

COLOSSAL TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT IN THE WALT DISNEY STUDIO



Besides its lavish comic action, Walt Disney's "The Reluctant Dragon" reveals amazing secrets of technique, craftsmanship and equipment in the course of its flesh-and-blood episodes, which are interspersed with new animated screen subjects, the whole production being enacted within the famous Disney studio. In the center scene above is the great multiplane camera with which realistic perspective is obtained for filming cartoons in technicolor. Robert Benchley, as the chief living performer in the unique combination of fantasy and flesh-and-blood comedy, amusingly penetrates the intimacy of this mammoth precision machine. . . . *At upper left*, Robert Benchley is about to be photographed by a live action camera under direction of Alfred Werker for his role in the picture. . . . *At upper right*, Frances Gifford, heroine of the "live-action" sequences, looks at one of Artist John McLeish's painting of a scene background for Disney's forthcoming feature, "Bambi."

Color Problems

For a feature-length production such as Walt Disney's full length production, "The Reluctant Dragon," which has both "live-action" and animation, the choosing of the proper colors was far from a one-man job. Not only Walt himself, but the supervising director of the production, the head of the model department, layout supervisor, and the head of the background department all have to confer on such momentous problems as whether the Knight will have a green coat or a blue one, or whether the dragon will carry out this color scheme or the other.

Every week that Walt Disney's new full-length picture, "The Reluctant Dragon," was in work, the Disney artists used 40,000 sheets of animation paper, 570 pencils, 300 tubes of watercolors, and 18,000 sheets of transparent celluloid. These facts became more astounding when it is realized that this production, released by RKO Radio, is a combination "live action" and cartoon picture featuring comedian Robert Benchley, as well as the newest Disney animated comic characters.

THE DAZZLING MIRACLE OF AMAZEMENT
ONLY A DISNEY FEATURE COULD BE!
Surprises so un-guessable ... laughter so unending ... it marks a new high in delight!
Walt Disney's
New Feature Production
THE RELUCTANT DRAGON
©W.D.P.
with
ROBERT BENCHLEY
Sequences in MULTIPLANE TECHNICOLOR
Distributed by RKO RADIO Pictures, Inc.

DRAGON BLITZER — The comic character, Sir Giles, in the animation climax of Walt Disney's unique feature-length comedy, "The Reluctant Dragon." Professionally a dragon slayer, Sir Giles nevertheless becomes a pal of the merry monster. Robert Benchley plays the chief living role in the unique production.

FUN AND GLAMOUR — Robert Benchley, featured comedian, and pretty Frances Gifford have the chief "live-action" roles in Walt Disney's full-length feature, "The Reluctant Dragon," as characters adventuring in the Disney studio, where new comic subjects are produced as part of the plot.

Six Fun Films in Disney's "Dragon"

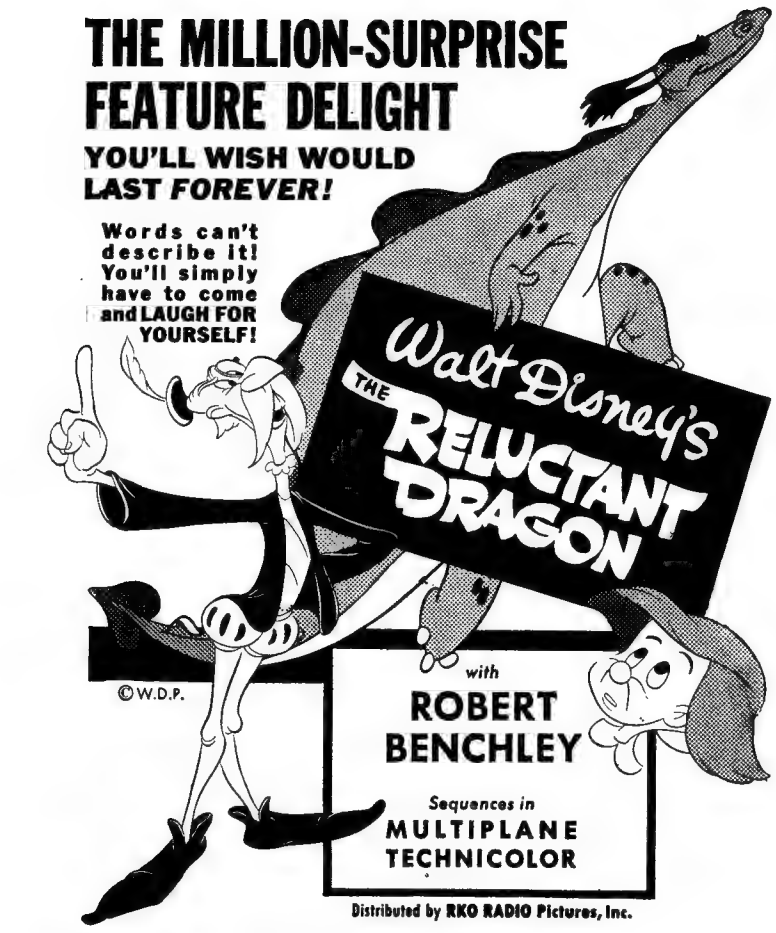
Walt Disney not only gives audiences a peep at some of his future productions in scenes of his current full-length feature, "The Reluctant Dragon," but introduces several uproarious new animated comedies.

The story of "The Reluctant Dragon" is laid within the gates of the Disney studio itself, with Walt combining actual motion picture technique with animation sequences to bring a new type of entertainment to the screen.

The feature, coming to the ..... Theatre, has Robert Benchley in the role of a much-bewildered studio visitor. During Benchley's wildly hilarious adventures with Walt and the Disney personnel, his path leads him through the fantastic jumble of the sound effects department where work is going on for a sequence in "Dumbo," the full-length animated feature with a gay circus locale, which Walt and his staff plan to release next summer.

Then he is introduced to the weird mysteries of the Frankensteinian multiplane camera, and is taken up to the top level of the room-sized mechanism. From his perch he looks down through the camera's various levels and sees one of the beautiful scenes from "Bambi" in the process of being shot. Disney's picturization of Felix Salten's famed story of a deer's life will come out as a feature release.

Benchley's hero, Donald Duck, also bobs up in the camera department for another scene in "The Reluctant Dragon." Donald is shown being photographed in a sequence from one of his next year's short productions, "MacDonald's Farm." Another hilarious subject is "How to Ride a Horse," a clever satire on equestrianism. In all, six novelties are screened.



"GOOFY'S" BIG MOMENT: Frances Gifford, engaging heroine of Walt Disney's "The Reluctant Dragon," toys with a studio model of "Goofy," comic cartoon character who is seen in the Technicolor animated sequence "How to Ride a Horse" in the feature film, which also has living performers.—*(Insert:* Some action from "How to Ride a Horse").

Mat 2 I.

Disney Studio Filmized

"The Reluctant Dragon," Walt Disney's new full-length "live action"-cartoon picture, released by RKO Radio Pictures, is laid within the Disney studio itself, with Robert Benchley playing himself, a shy, bewildered "average man" tossed by a set of circumstances into the middle of the highly amusing and confusing workings of the colorful Disney plant. Audiences, through Benchley's eyes, will see, as a background to the comedian's adventures, the steps in making animated pictures, from the first funny story sketches to the finished film, along with new de luxe Technicolor comedies projected on the screen. "The Reluctant Dragon" is an early booking at the ..... Theatre.

New Comedies in "Reluctant Dragon"

Because of mounting requests to know exactly what his studio is like, Walt Disney has used his new streamlined Hollywood plant as the background of action in his current full-length production, "The Reluctant Dragon," coming to the ..... Theatre.

The picture brings something new to screen entertainment combining, as it does, two great mediums: actual motion picture photography and animation. Robert Benchley is featured in the hilarious new-type of film comedy. Benchley, playing himself, is seen as a henpecked husband whose wife sends him to Walt Disney to sell the cartoon master on an idea for a story.

Embarassed by his mission, Benchley does everything in his power to dodge Walt, once he finds himself inside the gates of the studio.

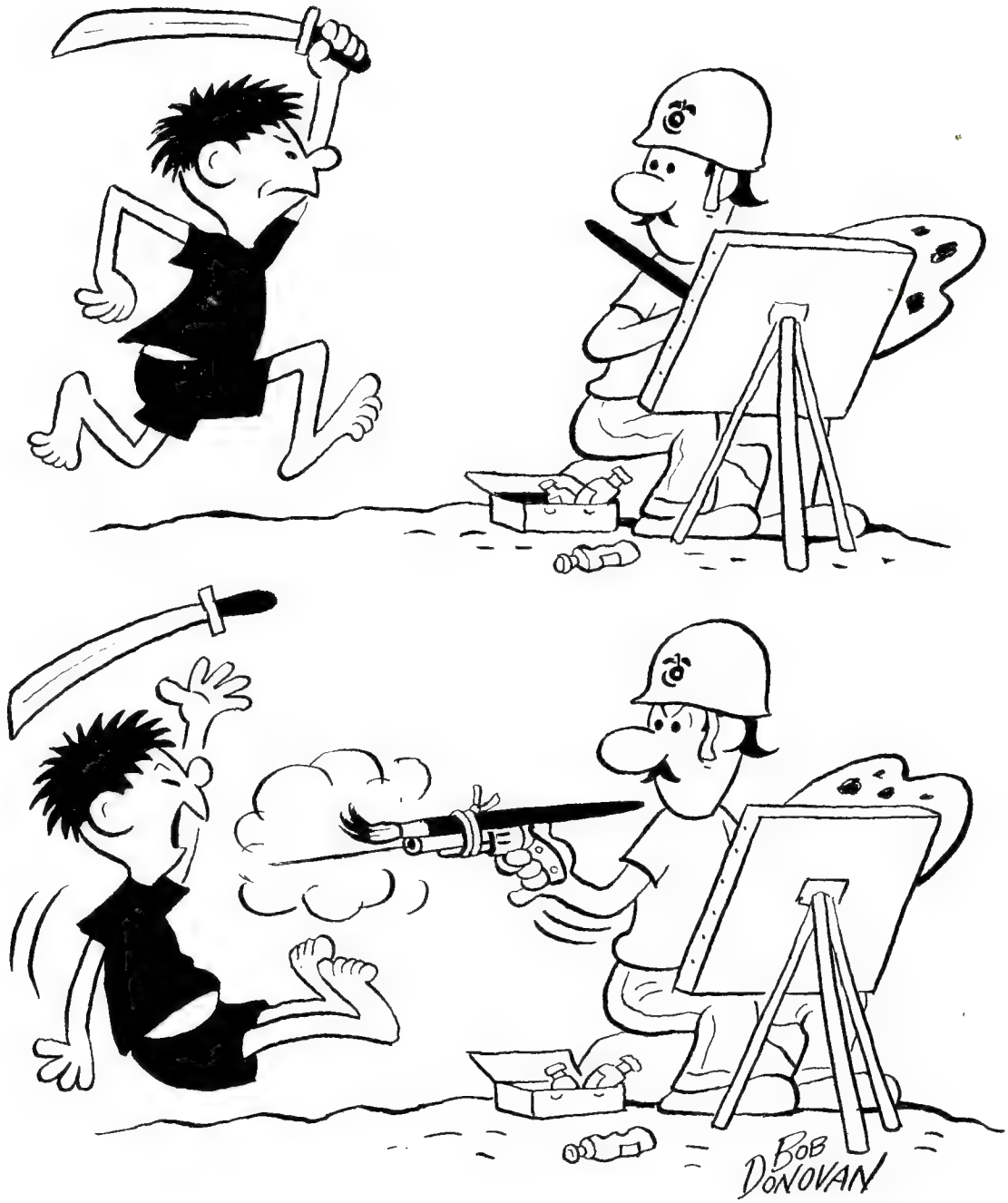
Laughs mount as he ducks from one department to another, finding himself frequently at the mercy of the wacky humor of the colorful Disney employees. Walt, himself, turns actor in "The Reluctant Dragon," as do many of his top artists and pretty girl employees.

The RKO Radio released production derives its name from the short story by Kenneth Grahame, which is the story Benchley's wife wants him to sell to Disney. This story is shown animated on the screen as the climax of the production, which also introduces several other new animated sequences, one being the highly clever satire, "How to Ride a Horse."

WW II Nostalgia Department

BOB DONOVAN got his start in cartooning while serving in the U. S. Marine Corps during World War II. Bob is the creator of "Biddie and Bert," and is now working with Fred Lasswell on "Snuffy Smith."

COMBAT ARTIST



WHERE WERE YOU

DECEMBER 7

1941

Where were you Jerry De Fuccio ?

I was in Jersey City Medical Center. My physician father was disturbed that I was hiding out at my grandmother's, neutral territory, "reading comic books all day". So, he tried to interest me in materia medica; making the hospital rounds with him and even witnessing a leg amputation. Pretty heavy stuff, close up, for a mere Prep school soph; especially with the admonition that if I were about to faint, try to fall backwards and not on the surgical team. As we emerged from a sick ward, that perfidious late afternoon-early evening, a very lovely student nurse ran to me, at first oblivious of my eminent father, exclaiming, "Jerry, the Japanese have attacked our base at Pearl Harbor!" Dad immediately surmised what the big attraction was, for me, at the Medical Center. Unfortunately for nurse Monique, my father lectured to her class in Pediatrics, and, subsequently, she was called to the blackboard more often than the other student nurses. I remember Pearl Harbor...and Monique.

Where were you Joe Kubert ?

I was 15 years old at the time the announcement of the attack on Pearl Harbor came over the radio. (Believe it or not, there was no TeeVee!) It was Sunday (of course), and I was at home in Brooklyn, N.Y.--working on a deadline. If I'm not mistaken, I was employed by E.C. (the original, owned and run by M.C. Gaines, Bill's father), and Sheldon Mayer was my editor. The strip I was working on may have been "Wildcat"--or "Hawkman"--one of E.C.'s characters at that time.

I don't think I fully realized the full impact of the announcement. "War" was something I'd read about in history books--or--that'd involved the fathers of friends of mine in W.W. ONE . Even the news of Hitler's onslaughts in Europe and the devastation in England (and the half-told stories of concentration camp atrocities) seemed like a remote, alien idea which didn't affect me directly.

I recall it was a quiet sunny Sunday--that's when I usually got most of my art work done, in my bedroom, where I'd set up a drawing table--and I kina wondered (half seriously) just where all that I'd heard would lead to.

That's about it, Al--

Rap with Ray

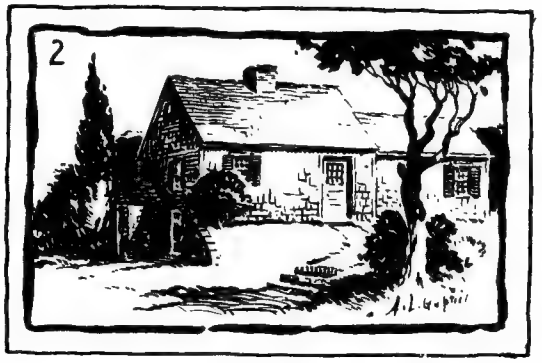
When Al Dellinges honored me with this privledge of doing a possible monthly article, needless to say, I was delighted to accept. Al has done so much for comic-fandom, and in return, recieved so few thanks, that if possible, it's time the tide turned.

But what would I have to write about that could conceivably be of steady interest to readers of "Near Mint"? Comic's have been well covered numerous times, pulps also, and the Big Little Book's are rather simple in context, so I had to do something disagreeable to my nature, - 'THINK'!

What subject could I cover that hasn't been fully covered by knowledgable experts? None! So all I can do is try something slightly out of concept. Discuss any subject the readers wish, that is thought to be of interest to the majority of readers This I realize can cover a lot of years and territory. I will briefly give it a try in this first article, as example.

Al's adv. of this 'Zine' had a question on the back side that I hadn't given thought to for many years. Where were you in December 7, 1941 ?"

RAY FUNK'S TRAINS, 826 E. 8th STREET, UPLAND, CALIFORNIA 91786



I will tell you where I was. I was on a farm in Iowa, and at that time of year, probably trying to thaw out. If the war started during the day, I didn't know it untill comming home from school. The school was a one room affair with windows along the Eastern side, and a long blackboard along the West. At the North-West corner of the room was a large pot bellied stove. The room would finally get warm by the time to go home. The shed with cobs, coal, kerosens and stalls to keep any horses riden to school, in. A small cloakroom that had the entrance (the only entrance) in and out, also, the single large water bucket that had a dipper to drink from was there. The pump was to the South, in front of the school house, and outside.

Also, the restrooms, consisting of two single hole outhouses resided to the far Northern ends of the school yard, one on the West(Boy's), and Girl's on the East. Two windows at each North corner of the schoolroom allowed the teacher view of these buildings. This was necessary, as come spring, some of the older children (always Boys), developed tendencies to request permission to go to the restrooms, then would somehow lose their way, and end up heading down the dirt road for home! The grades covered in that single one room was Kindergarten through Eight'th! Imagine the irrepairable damage this set-up would do to O.S.H.A. in this day and age?

As for the war itself, two of my first cousins that had also grown up on the farms in that area, had ran off and joined the Navy, one in 1934, the other in 1936, and both were at Pearl Harbour upon that date. Come to think of it now, that was a Sunday morning wasn't it? Then I've wasted all this time describing a bit of rural Iowa past history that is of no interest to you. As for the cousin's basking in the warm climate of P.H., one on the U.S.S. New Orlean's was either in drydock, so missed by the enemy. The other stationed on the U.S. Saratoga was on shore leave, or vice-versa. Too long ago, I don't recallwhich was which, and they are too far away to ask, both long ago retired out of the Navy. Even war seemed better than being back at that farm at times, but home, that was another story. Sheer luxery. The water pump outside was closer to the house than the schools and the outhouse was better sheltered from the icy winds.

And we had more than one kerosene lamp, plus a fireplace. However if during the cold winter nights the fire went out, it got pretty cool, believe me. And there was that fully supplied home entertainment center, the radio. It ran off of a car battery, and we always kept one fully charged on the wind charger. Another thing we had that the school lacked was a telephone. One super long ring was for the operator. Our's was a long and three shorts. Any ring at all was for others with telephones that always listened in to all conversations, regardless of who, or what it was. Yep, thoes were really the good old days. They were, weren't they? I'm afraid that they were so good, that if had it to do over again, I don't know if I could live through them again.

Don.t misunderstand, as I definately disagree with much that we have today, especially morals and excessive use of inferior materials in various products and projects, but that's another subject for another time.

Another thing I would like to put in this column, is questions you wish to ask fandom, any good buys you might have (just a general what w/your name and address).

Speaking of good buys, look inside the back cover(at least in issue No: 1) for Al's publications. It's impossible to go wrong with any one, or all, as they are all great stuff, and well done. Especially with some of the stuff he had to work from in the Fiction House line.

And when it comes to redrawn art in larger foremat, Al does it better than the original artist. Well, maybe not, as it's exactly the same, but looks better due to size and fresh colors.

Mentioning colors, if interested in a full set of about 99% of Fiction House cover prints in color, and the run of Planet pulps, plus various other comics and pulps drop me a S.A.S.E. About 800-900 all different prints (will have to take a check and count to be exact). Price will be $500. If not interested, save your postage. I only have one set (mine), so this is a one shot only.

Another great "guys" stuff I would like to mention, is a fella that drew a strip I grew up with, entitled, "Smilin' Jack", of course, Zack Mosley. If you take the T.B.G., you may have saw his ads, but if you overlooked them; "Hot Rock Glide" at $5.95 plus $1.80 postage. "De-Icer's Galore" (both Smilin' Jack books), De-Icer's $7.95 plus $1.80 postage. Both great books of a strip from a by-gone era. But to me the most fascinating book was the story of his life, profusely pictured and illustrated, "Brave Coward Zack" at $6.95 plus $1.80 postage. This book is priceless to collectors interested in origins and past American history in exciting, fast moving detail. Any of the three books can be gotten by sending check or money order to; Zack Mosley, Studio Drawer 375, Stuart, Florida 33494.

If I don't think a thing is a good buy, I won't plug it. Nor will I always do it in detail as with Mosley's. It's just that after all thoes years of reading the adventures of Smilin' Jack that seemed so imposdible, I discover that the man behind the strip led a more remarkable life for real!

S.J. IN 1940
+FROM THEN ON!

I overstayed my time for this issue, but would like to cover one last subject. The dealer and his prices. This is a much griped about subject, but seldom actually written about in open frankness.

We all see one dealer advertise with what seemed to us as outrageous prices, while another seems to advertise at fairly reasonable prices. Why, and how is this done? Can it be that one is a crook, and one not? Over the years, and during my forays across country, I've heard pro and con on this subject. So I made a point to look into this a bit.

If a person is making his business from selling comics alone (Lord give him all the help he can get) then he has to live precariously upon speculation. No matter what he has in stock, less than 25% of it will sell right off, most of it taking a number of years to find the right buyer, and some of it never! This person has to pay rent utilities, and all the rest that most of us have to pay, not to mention rent on his store and for the ads of his merchandise in T.B.G., sending out catalogs, or etc. Unlike myself, they do not have a regular paycheck from a job to count on. And if they hire others, they have to meet their paychecks regardless if they sell anything or not, as for selling and buying, if if we don't want to pay their prices, we don't have to buy. If we don't want to sell to them at their offers, we aren't forced. But when utilities, groceries, taxes, interest rates, gasoline, clothes, automobiles, etc. go up to staggering heights, we scream, but we have no choice but pay. Captive debtors, so to speak. And the same holds true with these same dealers trying to make a living peddeling comics, etc.

Another thing to remember, if not for these same dealers going out and digging up the stuff we want, we probably would never get it at any price. So rather than knock the dealer verbably, Just don't buy. The old saying was, "If you can't find something good to say, keep your mouth shut!". (That's the way it was always told to me just before I started ducking!)

If you have a subject or gripe, or even praise to see in print, and feel that it would be of value and interest to the readers, drop me a line, and will see. If you want returned or reply, enclose S.A.S.E. R.E. Funk, 826 E. 8th St., Upland, California 91786. Also, if any of you are ones that write concerning toy books, please enclose at least a stamp for reply. Next issue No. 4 will specify this. If the smog doesn't get me, the postage will! Write me, if only to criticize, as everyone is entitled to their opinion. Take care and best to all of you always, especially with your collecting.

Ray

"The Scratchboard Technique"

W. Parke Johnson

W. PARKE JOHNSON, who has attained much distinction as a master of the scratchboard effects, gives a demonstration in four progressive stages of how he prepares one of his drawings for reproduction, a study of Humphrey Bogart in *Passage to Marseilles*. Starting with tracing paper, he lays out his composition in broad, bold strokes, using a very soft pencil having a flat, broad edge. In the first stage, shown at the left, the action and the characteristic lines that define the portrait are quickly discernible. Areas of dark and light are indicated, and Mr. Johnson begins to visualize the dramatic possibilities of his subject.

The pencil sketch is developed into a carefully executed drawing in light and shade. This is submitted for approval. Thinking in terms of light lines and strong high lights on a dark background, the artist takes advantage of overhead lighting, which creates deep shadows and sharp accents on the figure. Textures are determined, such as in the torn jersey and the grainy character of the flesh in half-light. Sharp definition in scratchboard drawings demands care and accuracy in draftsmanship, and painstaking preparation in the pencil study will pay big dividends when the drawing is transferred to the chalked board.

W. Parke Johnson

When the drawing in line, defining all shapes of tones, is finished and transferred to the inked surface of the scratchboard, Mr. Johnson begins by scraping the ink away at the points of the most pronounced high lights. In the development of the middle tones, the lines follow the form so that the direction of the plane of each surface is clearly understood by the observer. The edge of the tone on the shoulder has been softened by cutting across the lines where they approach the high light. Note the shiny, metallic surface on the machine gun and how it differs in texture from the other materials in the drawing.

Reproduced by courtesy of Warner Brothers. An illustration of Humphrey Bogart from an advertisement for the motion picture, Passage to Marseilles.

Paul Bransom

Courtesy of Liberty Magazine

ILLUSTRATION FOR A STORY BY PAUL BRANSOM

Above is a fine example of Mr. Bransom's work which shows the importance of design in arranging the elements of an illustration. Many small sketches with varying layouts are made from which Mr. Bransom selects the one in which the subject is most effectively portrayed

BEFORE STARTING an illustration, Mr. Bransom makes several small, rough sketches of the subject. Determining the one best arrangement, he considers the most difficult phase of his work, as there are many ways to compose animals in action. After a selection has been made, he enlarges the sketch by the old-fashioned method of drawing squares over its surface, and an equal number of larger squares on the finished drawing. "As I work entirely in charcoal," he says, "I use charcoal lines for my large squares, which are easily disposed of (either erased or rubbed into the picture) after the main structural points and areas are located on the large squares to correspond with their place on the small.

"I use plenty of charcoal, rubbing on the tones with the fingers, and I also use my fingers and a

Paul Bransom

DRAWING TIGERS AND LIONS

Tiger sketched from life

A water-color wash of yellow was added to the charcoal sketch, which gave life to the original and created a tone in the reproduction.

The pointed face and the triangular eyes of the lion, together with his heavy mane, mark the chief differences of this animal from the tiger.

SKETCHES BY PAUL BRANSOM

piece of kneaded rubber to modify the tones of light and dark." Using the fingers helps give a glossy appearance to the animal's coat.

As this type of drawing is easily injured by rubbing, it must be fixed when completed, using a mixture of wood alcohol and white shellac. If the picture is to be shown in color, Mr. Bransom washes clear water color over the "fixed" black-and-white drawing, which results in interesting effects. If a pure, strong color effect is required, he uses pastels and works with them as though they were colored charcoal.

Mr. Bransom's drawings give sufficient evidence of his careful study of animals and their anatomy. "Informative drawings result from study of nature," he says, "which gives what photographs fail to provide."

ART OF ANIMAL DRAWING

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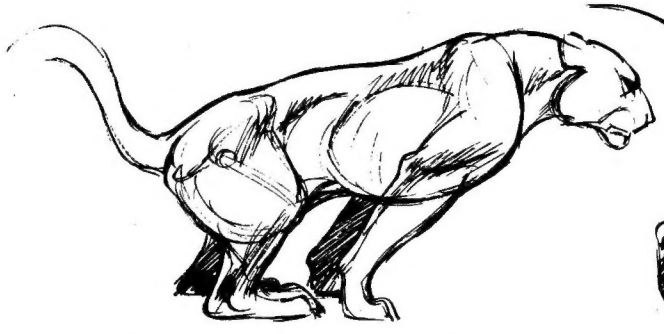
INSTRUCTION ACTION ANALYSIS CARICATURE

BY KEN HULTGREN

LION JUMP

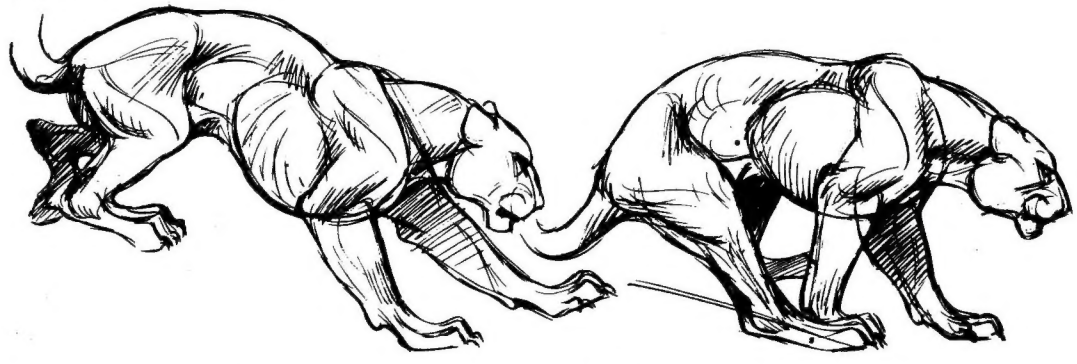


Body ready for leap. Note how hindquarters gather beneath him, ready to push off. Forelegs are pushing off.

Observe the shifting of hindquarters as animal digs in for jump.

Body in push-off. Note strong line of action through the whole body. Forequarters draw close to body in forward thrust.

Forelegs arch up, preparing to land.



Right foreleg takes weight in landing. Left foreleg stretches for ground. Hindquarters pull through from stretch position.

Right hind leg stretches in landing. This pose would lead into a pose similar to number one if the cat were to jump again.

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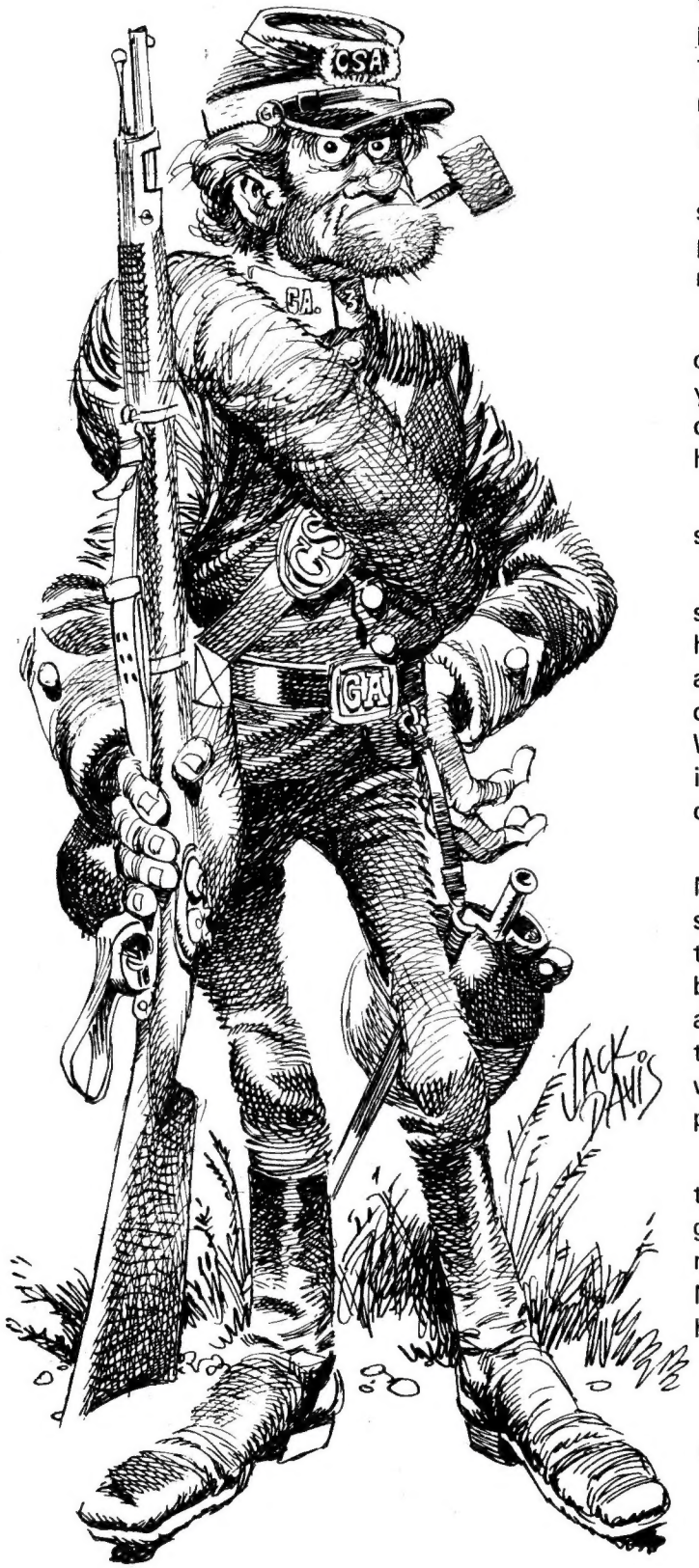
Once one understands the general patern of how muscles are formed on any one type of animal, and has a feeling of their elasticity, he will be better prepared to draw other animals more convincingly, since they parallel each other anatomically in many respects.

Editor's note;

If you want to know how to draw animals, get this book by KEN HULTGREN, you won't be sorry.

Jack Davis



If you're interested in cartooning and are not familiar with the work of Jack Davis then you haven't been looking. The next time you see a cover of T.V. Guide or a cartoon illustration in a national magazine glance at the signature at the bottom of it. It will probably be Jack Davis.

Within the past twelve years his cartoons, consisting of intricate line work and exceptionally perceptive details, have appeared in an incredible number of publications.

Davis, like a good number of other cartoonists, developed an interest in drawing when he was quite young. He was particularly fasicinated by cartoon characters like Popeye and Henry and spent many hours copying them.

While in High School he drew cartoons for the school publications like the H.S. Yearbook.

Later, when he graduated from High School he spent three years in the Navy. It was at this time that he worked in the naval public relations department and produced a comic strip, a sad sack type character, called "Boondocker" in addition to other duties. When his stint in the Navy was completed he enrolled in the University of Georgia as an Art major. These classes formed the basis of his formal art training.

After he graduated from college, Davis went to New York where he tried to sell his drawings to the syndicates. This proved unsuccessful and he was on the verge of giving up but decided to try the comic book field. His luck changed. He was given his first assignment – to illustrate a horror story. The drawing that he did for the comics brought him in contact with the people who were putting together a new publication called Mad Magazine.

He formed a long association with this publication that exists to the present day. As Mad Magazine gained in popularity the drawing of Davis received more exposure and helped gain him a host of fans. Many of these fans later became Art Directors who hired him to illustrate some of their commercials.

Davis, has a cartoon style that is universally admired by everyone, particularily his collegues.

I CAN'T HARDLY WAIT TO GET MY NEXT COPY OF "NEAR MINT", READING IT MAKES YOU FEEL LIKE A KID IN A CANDY STORE AGAIN.

JOE KUBERT

JOE KUBERT ART FROM COW PUNCHER COMICS NO. 2, 1947